

**Robert Garnier's *Porcie* (1586): An English Translation of Act V**

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

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April 2015

Expected Date of Graduation  
May 2015

Undergrad  
Thesis  
LD  
2489  
.24  
2015  
.C69

## **Acknowledgements**

I would like to thank my thesis advisor, Dr. Gilman, and Kathryn Smith. Without the diligence of these two individuals, I would not have been able to complete this project. They worked countless hours double checking my work to make it as perfect as possible.

## **Abstract**

This project is the translation of Act V of Robert Garnier's *Porcie* (1586). Robert Garnier's tragedy *Porcie* (1586) reflects the tastes and temperament of sixteenth century French drama. There is an introduction at the beginning of the thesis to bring the reader up to progress with the play, as this thesis only includes Act V. It includes both the French lines, in their original format, as well as an accompanying English translation. This act is the final piece of the French tragedy *Porcie*, and thus concludes the story. It involves the characters of the Nurse and the Chorus of Roman Women.

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## **Introduction**

Robert Garnier was perhaps the most prominent sixteenth-century French dramatist. Strongly influenced by the development of Sebean tragedy, he wrote a tragedy *Porcie* that followed a strict form, popular in Ancient Rome. It is a tragedy with a series of rhetoric narratives followed by a lyric chorus. Robert Garnier's tragedy *Porcie* (1586) reflects the tastes and temperament of sixteenth century French drama.

Historically, not much is known about Porcie Catonis. Born between 73 BCE and 64 BCE in Rome, she was the daughter of Marcus Porcius Cato Uticencis and his wife Atilia. She was married first to Marcus Calpurnius Bibulus, who was a political ally to her father. Bibulus adored his wife, to the point of refusing to allow his political allies to have children with her. Such an arraignment was not uncommon in ancient Rome.

During this time, Caesar's Gallic Wars was coming to a conclusion, though he refused to lay down his arms and return to Rome to face the Senate. Instead, he marched upon Rome with his army who had sworn allegiance to him and not to the Roman state, though it was custom. Both Porcie's father and husband, Bibulus sided with Pompey, who along with Julius Caesar and Crassus, was a member of the First Triumphant, because he did not hold the same threat politically that Caesar did for the family. When Bibulus died in 48 BCE, Porcie was left as a widow. Porcie's father committed suicide in 45 BCE following his defeat in battle.

Following the death of her husband and father, Porcie married Brutus. To gain Brutus' trust, Porcie slashed herself in the thigh with a dagger. She suffered for at least a day to prove she could endure the pain. Bedridden with chills, fever, and violent pains,

she returned to Brutus with the resolve for there to be no secrets between them. Brutus confided in her his plot to assassinate Caesar, knowing she would be able to stand torture if it came to that. Some credit her as being the only woman aware of the plot. With the assassination of Caesar successful, Brutus and his co-conspirators fled to Athens. Porcie stayed in Italy, though it pained her to be departed from her husband.

Porcie's death is something of a debate among historians. The first problem is knowing exactly when Porcie died. Some say that it was after the first battle of Philippi, when she heard rumors that Brutus had died. The other possibility is that she committed suicide following the actual death of her husband after the second battle of Philippi. There is also debate as to the way she died. One theory is that Porcie committed suicide by swallowed burning coals. However, another more popular theory is that Porcie committed suicide by burning coal in an unventilated room and thus succumbed to carbon monoxide poisoning. Garnier employs this historical basis as the narrative frame of the tragedy.

The plot of the play revolves around Porcie. It starts by telling the legends of Rome, particularly those surrounding the god Mars. This is not surprising since much of Porcie's life revolved around war, death, and destruction as noted by the biography about her previously written. The tragedy begins with the aftermath of Caesar's assassination. Due to being separated from her husband, Brutus, Porcie laments about how she desires to follow her father into the grave. The Second Triumvirate, that consists of Octavian, Marc Antony, and Lepidus, attempts to gain power as well as punish those who played a part in the death of Caesar. Brutus is killed in battle, and a messenger delivers the news

to Porcie. She does not take it well and takes her own life. The tragedy terminates with the death of the Nurse.

Act V's importance to the play, the translation of which forms this thesis, revolves around the characterization of the Nurse as well as a retelling of the offstage drama that occurs between acts. The Nurse serves as the primary character during Act V. She talks about the extraordinary circumstances surrounding Porcie's death, "Prend des charbons ardans, et, d'un regard farouche/Guignant deçà delà, les enferme en sa bouche:/Les devale au gosier, puis se venant serrer/Et la bouche et le nez de peur de respirer,/S'estouffa de ses mains [She takes burning coals, and, with a savage glance,/Looking all around, here and there, encloses them in her mouth:/The throws them into throat, then gradually shut Both her mouth and nose for fear of breathing,/She suffocated herself with her hands]." This imagery takes the deceive action that Porcie was driven to suicide by the death of her husband. To go into such detail of Porcie's death shows the importance of the Nurse as a character. She is to tell the audience about the events that have taken place off stage and between acts.

The Nurse also serves the purpose as a distinct character herself. She is loyal to Porcie, even following her into death after detailing her mistress' suicide. She is the only character to die on stage, lamenting her incoming death: "Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus, poignard, haste toy,/Sus, jusques au pommeau vien t'enfoncer en moy. [Lets us die, arise, arise, let us die, arise, dagger, hasten,/Arise, up to the very pummel that is going to be thrust into and implanted in me.]" This description of the Nurse gives an ending to the tragedy, both with the account of her mistress' death but also of her own.

At first, the translation was as very difficult. Sixteenth-century French required a degree of knowledge that I did not possess. Instead of accent marks, there would be additional letters, making it difficult to tell if something was word that I simply did not know, or if it was a word I knew but not with that orthography. The other difficulty was finding the correct terminology to convey the sentiment of a word. While there would be a direct translation, the phrasing and ultimate word choice gives the tragedy the feeling of doom that it is supposed to have.

The act itself was fairly easy to understand. There were few references to historical subjects that I did not understand, thanks to my majors in history and French. This made it easier to translate, since I knew the basic background of what happened in Rome following the assassination of Caesar. In preparing this translation, I relied upon the critical edition by Ternaux.

Overall, I think the tragedy is framed in such a way that it is easy to read. It conveys the correct sentiments that create a generous description for the reader. Though Act V was the shortest in the play, it provides the perfect conclusion to the piece. It was a pleasure to translate it with the help of Dr. Gilman and Kathryn Smith. Without the help of these two remarkable individuals, the act would not have reached its potent quality.

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Acte V

La Nourrice. Le Chœur de Romaines

La Nourrice

Accourez Citoyens, accourez, hastez-vous,  
Romulides amis, hélas, secourez nous,  
Quiritez accourez, ceste race divine,  
Brute meurt doublement.

La Chœur de Romaines

Las ! quel malheur nouveau  
Peut encor' desastrer de Brute le tombeau ?  
Quel estrange accident, quelle horrible infortune  
Depuis son dernier sort de rechef l'importune ?  
Allons ô troupe aimée, allons voir quel mechef  
Ceste pauvre maison atterre de rechef :  
Allons, filles, allons.

La Nourrice

O vieillesse chetive !  
O femme misérable ! O fortune nuisive !  
O malheur ! O malheur !

Act V

The Nurse. The Chorus of Roman Women.

The Nurse

Come quickly, Citizens, come quickly, hurry,  
Friends of Romulus and his heirs, alas, rescue us.  
Hasten, Citizens, this divine race,  
Brutus dies again.

The Chorus of Roman Women

Alas ! What new misfortune  
can still reign disaster upon Brutus's tomb ?  
What harsh distress, what dreadful misfortune  
Since again his last ill-fated destiny  
Come, o beloved group, come see what ruin  
This poor house again leaves aghast :  
Let us depart, daughters, let us depart.

The Nurse

O wretched old age !  
O forlorn woman ! O harmful circumstances !  
O woe ! O woe !

La Chœur de Romaines

Quel malheur advenu

Te fait ainsi plomber ton estomach chenu ?

La Nourrice

O que ne suis-je morte ! O que ne sui-je en  
terre !

O qu'un sombre tombeau maintenant ne  
m'enserre

O malheur ! O malheur !

La Chœur de Romaines

Laisse ces cris piteaux,

Et ne tien nostre esprit plus longuement  
douteux.

The Chorus of Roman Women

What misfortune that has befallen us

Causes you thus to beat your aged breast ?

The Nurse

O that I am not dead ! O that I am not buried in  
the ground !

O that a dark tomb does not now embrace me !

O woe ! O woe !

The Chorus of Roman Women

Leave behind these doleful cries,

And no longer keep our mind in further  
suspense.

### La Nourrice

Ces cheveux ja grisons, ces tettes nourricieres,  
Et ces tremblantes mains, qui te faisoyent  
prieres,  
N'ont peu donc t'amolir<sup>1</sup> ? n'ont peu doncques  
n'ont peu  
Destourner ce desir que tu avois conceu ?  
Que fera desormais ta fidele Nourrice ?  
Que fera-t'elle, hélas ! sinon qu'elle perisse ?  
Ah, mon cher nourriçon, ne cognoissois-tu pas  
Que ta mort avec soy tireroit mon trespas ?  
Ne cognoissois-tu pas, gemissable Porcie ,  
Que je ne puis sans toy longuement estre en  
vie ?  
Et qu'au milieu des maux que triste tu avois,  
Ce qui me faisoit vivre, estoit que tu vivois ?  
Tu estois lors ma vie, et tu es à ceste heure  
Celle qui par ta mort est cause que je meure.

### The Nurse

This hair already gray, these nourishing  
breasts,  
And these trembling hands, which enact my  
prayers for you,  
Could they not have appeased you ? Could they  
not have  
Turned away this desire that you had  
conceived ?  
Henceforth what will your faithful Nurse do?  
Alas, what will she do! Except to perish  
Ah, my dear new born child, did you not know  
That your death would bring along with it my  
passing away as well ?  
Did you not know, oh lamenting Porcie,  
I cannot continue to live long without you ?  
And in the midst of the ills that you sadly  
lived,  
Which have enabled me to live, what were you  
living for ?  
You were at the time my life, and you are at  
this moment the one who,  
Your death is the reason of my death.

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<sup>1</sup> amollir

O malheur ! O malheur !

O woe ! O woe !

Le Chœur de Romaines

The Chorus of Roman Women

Jamais pauvre Cité,

Ever fortunate City,

Ne trouveras-tu fin à ta calamité ?

Do you not find an end to your calamity ?

Las tousjours mal sur mal, miseres sur miseres

Always evil upon evil, misery upon misery

Te feront renommer aux terres estrangeres ?

You be the server of your fame in foreign lands?

Les meurtres en tes flancs sejourneront

Murders in your flanks will always remain,

tousjours,

While your fate will stay its course ?

Tandis que ton destin entretiendra son cours ?

La Nourrice

The Nurse

Plorez vostre Cité, mes fideles compagnes,

Weep for your city, my faithful companions,

Qui porte ores, qui porte au front de sept  
montages,

Which now brings, to the foot of seven mountains,  
As many afflictions and various torments,

Autant d'afflictions et de tourmens divers,

That she fearfully bore throughout this entire

Qu'elle portoit de crainte à tout cest Univers.

Universe.

Plorez filles plorez, et dites : adieu Romme,

Weep, daughters, weep, and say : Goodbye Rome,

Qu'un renommé malheur pour tout jamais  
renomme.

A famed misfortune ever spread fame for all.

### Le Chœur de Romaines

Les pleurs n'ont point tari dans nos larmoyans  
yeux

Depuis le triple accord de nos trois factieux,  
Qui pour mettre à leurs pieds nos franchises  
premières,

Departirent entre eux les legions guerrieres :  
Dés lors jamais le fer n'a bougé de nos mains,  
Non contre un étranger, mais contre nous  
Romains.

Le Tybre qui souloit enorgueillir ses rives  
Du superbe appareil des despouilles captives,  
Que nos Princes vaillans tiroient de toutes  
pars,  
Ne charge plus ses flots que de nos estendars.

### The Chorus of Roman Women

Tears have not dried in our weeping eyes  
Since the trifold agreement of our seditious three<sup>2</sup>,  
Who, in order to put at their feet our first freedoms,  
Have divided among themselves legions of  
warriors :  
Since then the sword has never moved from their  
hands  
Not against a foreigner, but against us Romans.  
The Tiber which was accustomed to exult its banks  
With its arrogant display of captive spoils,  
That our valiant princes drew from every part of  
our world  
No longer fills its waves except with our  
warring banners.

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<sup>2</sup> Julius Caesar, Pompeii, Crassus

### La Nourrice

Or' il est temps d'ouvrir la porte à ta tristesse,  
Il est temps de mourir, langoureuse vieillesse,  
Vieillesse langoureuse, hélas ! qu'attens-tu  
plus  
Que tu ne te vas rendre en un tombeau reclus ?  
Sus, voicy le poignard, que ta Maistresse aimée  
Print pour homicider sa poitrine entamée,  
Tu l'ostas de ses mains, cuidant par tel effort  
Luy avoir bien osté la cause de sa mort.  
Mais ce fut vainement : car par une autre sorte  
Elle estouffa son cœur dans sa poitrine morte :  
T'enseignant le moyen d'esteindre tes  
douleurs,  
Et tes cuisans regrets autrement que par pleurs.  
Sus donc mon estomach, engoule ceste lame,  
A fin de te rejoindre aux ombres de ta Dame.

### The Nurse

Now is time to open the gate to your sadness,  
Now is time to die, languishing old age,  
Languishing old age, alas ! Do you expect  
anything more  
Than to render yourself to a solitary tomb ?  
Arise ! Here is the dagger that your beloved  
mistress  
Took to bring death to her violated breast,  
You seized it from her hands believing such an  
effort  
To have indeed robbed her of the cause of death.  
But this was in vain : for through another  
means  
She suffocated her heart in her dead breast.  
Teaching her the way to extinguish your pain,  
And your brooding regrets rather than through  
your tears.  
Arise ! Thus thrust this blade into my inner  
being  
In order to be united with the shades of your  
Lady.

Le Chœur de Romaines

Raconte nous sa mort, Nourrice, et dy  
comment  
Elle a peu maugré tous mourir si vistement.  
Que monstre ce poignard ? et pourquoy si  
soudaine  
Veux-tu en t'outrageant haster ta mort  
prochaine ?

La Nourrice

O pere Jupiter !

La Chœur de Romaines

Et qu'est-ce que tu crains,  
Et qu'est-ce qui te fait destordre ainsi les  
mains ?  
Las, depuis tant d'hyvers les Immortels severes  
Ne nous ont-ils assez endurcis aux miseres ?  
Y-a-til malencontre, y-a-til mal aucun,  
Y-a-til accident qui ne nous soit commun ?  
Conte nous hardiment, nous sommes preparees

The Chorus of Roman Women

Recount to us her death, Nurse, and how  
In spite of everything she could swiftly die.  
What could this dagger tell us ? And why so  
suddenly  
While abusing you, do you wish to hasten your  
approaching death ?

The Nurse

O father Jupiter !

The Chorus of Roman Women

And what do you fear,  
And what causes you to wring your hands ?  
Alas, for so many winters have pitiless  
Immortels  
Not harden us sufficiently against misery ?  
Is there any misfortune, is there any evil,  
Is there any mishap that may not be common to  
us ?  
Tell us forthrightly and plainly, we are  
prepared from now on

A n’ouir désormais que choses malheurees :

Only hear woeful things :

Reprens un peu le cœur.

Take courage.

La Nourrice

The Nurse

Je sens mon mal s’aigrir

I feel my heart becoming bitter

D’autant que je m’efforce à vous le découvrir.

As much as I strive to open up to you.

Le Chœur de Romaines

The Chorus of Roman Women

« La douleur s’amointrit quand elle est  
racontée.

Pain is lessened when it is confessed.

La Nourrice

The Nurse

« La douleur qu’on découvre est beaucoup  
augmentée.

The pain that is uncovered is very much  
increased.

Le Chœur de Romaines

The Chorus of Roman Women

« Raconter ses ennuis n’est que les exhiler.

Recounting his troubles only vents them.

La Nourrice

The Nurse

« Raconter ses ennuis, c’est les renouveler.

Recounting his troubles makes them.

Le Chœur de Romaines

The Chorus of Roman Women

Conte les toutesfois.

Confess them nonetheless.



### La Nourrice

Quand ma pauvre maîtresse  
Eut entendu que Brute, avecque la noblesse  
Qui combatoit pour luy d'un si louable cueur,  
Avoit esté desfaict, et qu'Antoine vainqueur  
Luy renvoyoit son corps, qu'à grand'  
sollicitude  
Il avoit recherché parmi la multitude :  
Après force regrets qu'elle fit sur sa mort,  
Après qu'elle eut long temps ploré son triste  
sort,  
Retiree en sa chambre, entreprit, demy-morte,  
De borner ses langueurs par quelque briefve  
sorte :  
Elle eut recours au fer pour s'en player le sein,  
Mais nous qui l'advisant, accourusmes  
soudain,  
Luy ostames des mains et tout ce dont la rage,

### The Nurse

When my poor mistress  
Had heard that Brutus, with his nobility,  
That fought for him with such praiseworthy  
courage,  
Had been killed and that Antony the  
vanquisher  
Was returning to her his body, that with great  
concern  
He had sought among the masses :  
After she burst open her regrets that she made  
on his death  
After she had for a long time wept over his sad  
fate,  
Withdrawn into her room, after she undertook  
half-dead,  
To limit her sorrows by some swift means :  
She resorted to the sword to wound her breast,  
But we who counseling her, suddenly ran to  
her,  
Seized her hands and everything that was  
enraging,

Beante apres sa mort luy pouvoit faire outrage.	Gaping after his death could cause her to resort
Mais ce fut bien en vain : car cognoissant que	to extremes.
nous	But that was in vain : for knowing we
La voulions destourner de suivre son espous,	Wanted to turn her away from following her
Nous monstra par effect, que celle qui decrete	husband
La mort en son esprit, n'en peut estre distraite.	Showed us indeed, that one who decrees
Elle pensa songearde et repensa pour lors	Death in mind and spirit cannot be turned away
Comment elle pourroit desanimer son corps :	from it.
Puis ayant à par soy sa mort determinee,	In her dreams she thought and thought deeply
Languissante s'assied pres de la cheminee,	How she could deaden her body :
Et ne voyant personne à l'entour du foüyer,	Then having determined her death by herself,
Qui semblast, soupçonneux, la vouloir espier,	She sits down, languishing at the fireplace,
Prend des charbons ardans, et, d'un regard	And seeing no one around the hearth,
farouche	Who appeared, suspiciously, wanting to spy
Guignant deçà delà, les enferme en sa bouche :	upon her,
Les devale au gosier, puis se venant serrer	She takes burning coals, and, with a savage
Et la bouche et le nez de peur de respirer,	glance,
	Looking all around, here and there, encloses
	them in her mouth :
	She throws them into her throat, then gradually
	Shutting both her mouth and nose for fear of
	breathing,

S'estouffa de ses mains, et tombant renversee,	She suffocated herself with her hands, and
Nous fit bien presumer qu'elle fut trespassee.	falling over,
Nous accourons au bruit, et chacune de nous,	Caused us indeed to presume she had passed
S'arrachant les cheveux, se martelant de coups,	away.
Eleve un cry semblable à celui qu'en Phrygie	We run to the commotion, and each of us,
Les Corybantes font celebrant leur Orgie,	Tearing out our hair, beating ourselves with
Lors que le mont Ida resonance des grands cris	blows Emits a cry similar to
Qu'ils hurlent par troupeaux, troublez de leurs	The Corybantes, in Phrygia, who celebrate
esprits.	their Orgies,
Ou semblable à celui des matrones Troyennes,	When Mount Ida resounds with great cries
Lors que le feu rampoit aux tours	That they, spiritually disturbed, howl
Dardaniennes,	throughout their troop.
Que leurs temples ardoient, et que leurs	Or like the cry of Trojan Mothers
ennemis	When fire crept up the Dardanian towers
Esgorgeoyent, desloyaux, leurs espous	When their temples were burning,
endormis.	And when their disloyal enemies were slitting
Or nous la redressons, et plus mourantes	the throats of their sleeping husbands.
qu'elle,	Now we recover from this,
Toutes nous l'accusons, nous l'appellons	And more dying than she, we all blame her.
cruelle,	All of us blame her, we call her cruel,
Nous luy tirons des dents quelques charbons de	We pull from her teeth firey coals,
feu,	We feel the breast which was slightly
Nous lui tastons le sein qui sanglotoit un peu :	trembling

Une palle froideur luy glaçoit le visage,  
Qui de sa prompte mort nous donnoit  
tesmoignage :  
Puis, avec un soupir qu'elle poussa dehors,  
Elle poussa la vie et l'ame de son corps.

#### Chœur

O triste langueur !  
O malheur qui nous suit !  
O peuple vainqueur,  
Las, te voila destruit !  
Que le jour qui luit  
Dessus ceste Cité,  
Voile sous la nuit  
Sa luisante clairté.  
Que le Ciel voûté  
Des Dieux pleins de courrous  
Son foudre appresté  
Bouleverse sur nous.  
Les Tygres et Lous,  
Cruels hostes des bois,  
Se monstrent plus dous  
Que les hommes cent fois.

A pale coldness glazed over her face,  
That gave us testimony of her swift death:  
Then with a sigh she exhaled,  
She expelled her life and soul from her body.

#### Chorus

O sad sad grief!  
O woe which follows us!  
O victorious people,  
Alas, here you are finished !  
May the day that shines  
Over this City,  
Veil under the night  
Its shiny brightness.  
May the vaulted sky  
Of the Gods filled with wrath,  
Its lightning at hand  
Shatters us.  
Tigers and Wolves,  
Cruel denizes of the woods,  
Appear a hundred times milder  
than men.

### La Nourrice

Chantons d'une voix  
Brute nostre support,  
Brute que nos Rois  
Ont conduit à la mort.

### Chœur

Or' que tu es mort,  
Las, hélas ! nous mourons,  
Nous plorons ton sort,  
Brute, nous te plorons !  
Las ! nous demeurons  
Comme le tronc d'un corps,  
Dont l'âme est dehors,  
Brute, nous te plorons !  
Tant que nous vivrons,  
Nous vivrons en esmoy,  
Demeurant sans toy,  
Brute, nous te plorons !  
Puisque nous irons  
Sous la main des vainqueurs,  
Pleines de langueurs,  
Brute, nous te plorons !

### The Nurse

Let us sing with one voice  
Of Brutus our sustaining force,  
Of Brutus whom our Kings  
Have led to his death.

### The Choir

Since you have died,  
Alas, alas! we die,  
We weep over your fate,  
Brutus, we weep for you!  
Alas! we live  
As the torso of a body,  
From which the soul has escaped,  
Brutus, we weep for you!  
As long as we live,  
We will live in distress  
Living without you,  
Brutus, we weep for you!  
Since we go  
Under the hand of the conquerers,  
Filled with sighs,  
Brutus, we weep for you!

La Nourrice

C'est assez pour luy,  
Nostre Brute est contant,  
Faites qu'aujourd'huy  
Porcie en ait autant.

Chœur

Reçoy nos douleurs,  
Et nos soupirs aigrets :  
Enten nos regrets,  
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.  
Enten les langueurs,  
Qui troublent nos esprits :  
Las ! enten nos cris,  
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.  
Regarde aux malheurs  
Que pourtraits sur nos fronts  
Pour toy nous souffrons,  
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.  
Qu'un printemps de fleurs  
Naisse dessus tes os,  
Enten nos sanglots,  
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.

The Nurse

That is enough about him,  
Our Brutus is at rest,  
Have Porcie have  
Enough of this today.

Chorus

Receive our sorrows,  
And our sighs  
Hear our regrets  
Porcie, hear our tears.  
Hear our sighs,  
That trouble our spirits:  
Alas! hear our cries,  
Porcie, hear our laments.  
Look at the woes  
That are portraits on our foreheads  
We suffer for you,  
Porcie, hear our laments.  
May a springtime of flowers  
Be born upon your bones,  
Hear our sobs,  
Porcie, hear our laments.

### La Nourrice

Mes filles, c'est assez, vos complaints plorees  
Ont bien suffisamment leurs Ombres honorees.

Las, ne les plorez plus, ils sont mieux fortune  
Que nous qui demeurons dans nos corps  
obstinez.

Ils ne ressentent point la fureur des trois  
hommes,

Ils ne cognoissent rien du servage où nous  
sommes :

Ils vivent en repos, affranchis des langueurs  
Qu'ils eussent enduré sous ces Tyrans  
vaincueurs.

Plorez, filles plorez pour vos propres miseres,  
Qui retiendrez icy vos ames prisonnieres,  
Plorez vostre malheur, plorez, hélas ! plorez  
Les infinis tourmens que vous endurerez.

Quant à moy, qui suivray les pas de ma  
Maistresse,

Je n'ay pas de besoin de plorer ma vieillesse.  
Ce poignard que je tiens, ce poignard que  
voicy,

### The Nurse

My daughters, that is enough, your doleful  
laments

Have indeed sufficiently honored their Shades.  
Alas, not longer shed your tears ; they know a  
better fortune

That we who remain in our unflinching bodies.  
They do not feel the fury of the three men,

They know nothing of servitude that we  
experience where we are:

They live in peace, freed from the suffering  
They had endured under these vanquishing  
Tyrants.

Weep, my daughters weep for your own  
miseries,

Which will keep your imprisoned souls here,  
Weep for your misfortune weep, alas! weep

The infinite torments that you will endure.

As for myself, who will follow in the footsteps  
of my Mistress,

I do not need to weep in my old age.

This dagger that I hold, this dagger that you see  
here,

M'enferrant l'estomach m'ostera ce soucy.	Piercing my stomach will release me from this
Mais que tardé-je tant ? qu'attendé-je musarde,	care.
Qu'ores je ne deromps ma poitrine vieillarde ?	But what delays me so much ? In this
Quelle frayeur m'assaut ? quelle glaceuse peur	dreamlike state what am I waiting for ?
Piroüétant en moy me vient geler le cœur ?	That now I do not tear apart my aged breast ?
C'est en vain, c'est en vain, ma mort est	What terror assaults me? How frozen fear
arrestee,	Whirling within me comes to stiffen my heart
Et desja mon esprit voit l'onde Acherontee.	with cold?
Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus, poignard, haste	It is in vain, it is in vain, my death is decreed,
toy,	And already my spirit sees the wave of
Sus, jusques au pommeau vien t'enfoncer en	Acheron.
moy.	Lets us die, arise, arise, let us die, arise, dagger,
	hasten,
	Arise, up to the very pummel that is going to
	be thrust into and implanted in me.

FIN.

END.